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In Memoriam.





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ANN E. CARTER.

Died March 4, 1882.



MEMORIAL.

FUNERAL SERVICES over the remains of Miss A. E. CARTER, who for seventeen years had been a teacher at Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Massachusetts, were held in the Seminary Hall, in that place, on Monday morning, March 6th, 1882.

The desk where she had been accustomed to sit was wreathed with flowers, and the services began with the singing of a hymn selected by herself—"Jerusalem the golden." Appropriate remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Lane, pastor of the church at Norton; by Rev. Mr. Ide, of Mansfield; and by Rev. Dr. Blake, of Taunton, who for many years has been President of the Board of Trustees of Wheaton Seminary.

After the singing, by the school, of one of Miss Carter's favorite hymns, "He leadeth me," prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Plumb, and the mortal remains of the beloved teacher were taken to Leominster for interment.

One of the most impressive features of the occasion

was the reading by Rev. Mr. Ide of the following poem, written by Miss Carter not long before her death, and found among her papers :

ENTERED INTO THE JOY OF THEIR LORD.

The far-off world that draws so near
 When earthly scenes grow dim,
 The place that Jesus has prepared,
 The dwelling-place with him,
 Lies hidden, by a mystic veil
 Withholden from our eyes ;
 A breath will set its folds astir—
 We cannot bid it rise.

We feel the presences unseen
 That fill the silent air,
 We almost hear familiar tones,
 Responsive to our prayer ;
 And yet we listen all in vain—
 We long and listen still
 For utterance of the higher thoughts
 Their larger lives that fill.

But this we know: the wondrous joy
 To which they enter in,
 The Lord's own joy, must be fulfilled
 In work to his akin.
 A blessedness to earth unknown
 Is theirs beyond, above ;
 Because a wider world unfolds
 For ministries of love.

ADDRESS BY REV. MORTIMER BLAKE, D.D.

IT SEEMS to me a signal mark of the divine favor to this Institution that, during its forty-eight years of existence and amongst its one hundred and fifty different teachers, this is the first instance, so far as I know, in which one of those teachers has died in office and during a term.* We have been now, for the first time, called together in this Hall to hear the great and solemn lesson of death given from a teacher's silent lips to our young and hopeful life. Nearly fifty years of school-life, and not a death amongst our corps of active teachers! It is an occasion for devout gratitude which must not be forgotten in the sadness of this our first hour of mourning.

It is another consoling beam of light from the past, falling upon and diminishing the present darkness, that she who has now vacated her chair has been one of the longest connected and one of the most valuable and highly esteemed among our noble company of teachers.

*Miss Jane B. Robinson, a graduate and teacher from 1856 to 1858, died while in office, but during vacation.

This seminary has been eminently blessed of the Lord, therefore, in the continuance of such a teacher. Our proper recognition of the gift will justify the few personal facts following :

ANN ELIZA CARTER was the daughter of the late Hon. James G. Carter, and was born in Lancaster, Massachusetts, August 10, 1833, on the banks of the Nashua River, and in sight of Wachusett Mountain; and died in Norton, March 4, 1882, in the forty-ninth year of her age. Her father was one of the original members of our State Board of Education. He originated the system of "Normal" instruction, and was also instrumental in securing the establishment of the first Normal school at Lancaster.

Miss Carter was carefully educated in her own beautiful home, and under her father's skillful instruction, and so thoroughly taught that at the age of fourteen she was well fitted and could have honorably entered Harvard University if she had only been a boy. But it was at this same age that her fitness for entering a still higher, even the school of Christ, came before her. It was in the privacy of her own chamber that her self-examination went on, and, after a long, serious, and earnest deliberation, she came to the hearty conclusion to consecrate her young heart, her acquirements, and her life to the great Master of all true souls. It was a decision which she never regretted, and from which she never swerved.

Miss Carter's first election as a teacher in this Seminary was in 1862. After two years' service she withdrew for a short period of recuperation, for she was not of a vigorous constitution. But those, her first years of service, had so indicated her eminent abilities as a teacher, that in 1866 her name reappears in the corps of our teachers, and never to be dropped again for the following sixteen years, until now at last a *star* has fallen upon that page, and will stand before her familiar name as a sign to us to look *up* henceforth, if we would know whither she has gone.

For seventeen years this Seminary has been favored with the presence, the bright intelligence, and the sweet Christian life of Miss Ann E. Carter. Though future catalogues will look blank indeed without her so long familiar and pleasant name, yet let us be thankful that He who loves and soon gathers all precious souls to Himself has allowed it to stand among its sisterhood of names so long.

But value of service is not to be measured by the length of time spent in its doing. Deeds, not years, will indicate the worth of our life-work when we leave the vineyard; and by this measurement how richly has this Seminary been endowed by the seventeen years of such work as this now departed teacher has given to it. I am sure I speak the thought of all this Board of Trustees in saying that, while this school has been eminently blessed in its whole company of teachers

from the beginning, and while we hold in special honor the present occupants of our chairs of instruction, yet it is no disparagement of any to aver that the stimulating and elevating influence of Miss Carter has been preëminent. Indeed, I may apply to her the words of Lemuel: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Her pupils of the last fifteen years would, if it were left to them, select these words for her epitaph. Indeed, this sentence is already written in their hearts, and they will always read her name above it, as memory holds the light of the passing years along the sacred pages.

More than one pupil, when leaving this school, has actually said, "I love Miss Carter—I think she is perfect." There was really a charm in her even and quiet ways, and in her evidently suppressed enthusiasm, which won young hearts to her and rested them under the ambitions and worries and frictions of school-girl life. They felt sure of sympathy and uplift, and they never failed to find it, unmixed, too, with the tartness of reproofs. Her cottage was almost like home to the disheartened and the sometimes homesick ones, where she was as an elder sister and came very nearly like to a mother. But divine grace had superadded to her natural endowments for teachership the strength and beauty of a firm and consistent Christian character. She brought, therefore, to her chosen department of Literature and the History of Civilization a spirit in warm accord with the

central moving influences of Christianity. No theories of mere world-forces shook her confidence in the power of the cross of Christ to draw all men unto Him. As she believed, so she taught; and in her fidelity to the common religious instincts in her pupils lieth Miss Carter's great power unto this day, and will lie so long as her teachings shall be remembered and repeated.

It must not be omitted that Miss Carter notably imparted herself and her ideas, and even her enthusiasm, unto her pupils. So soon as our scholars came fairly under her teachings, they began to glow with a new zeal and a broader longing. They showed that they had come in contact with a warmly alive and originating mind. Their graduation day especially indicated that they had been sent exploring for themselves, and had brought out of the school treasures things both new and old—brought them, too, in exquisite settings, as under a skillful director; yet under one who simply stimulated and guided and watched, but supplemented nothing.

But neither words nor time suffice to outline the grand work of this teacher, who has now closed the book and dismissed the senior class of this Seminary forevermore. And it is not needful. Her work has enstamped itself upon the character and life of I know not how many hundreds of pupils here. None of them will forget the kindled and flashing eye which itself repeated the question of her lips; or the smile which

drew out so adroitly and welcomed the sometimes hesitant answer; or the suggestive hint which, like a key, opened a door into some new room of rich thoughts; or the skillfully selected scripture readings of the morning and evening devotions; or the wise and winning Christian counsels of the prayer meeting and the private interview; or the class mottoes shrewdly selected, and given to each group of graduates as a life impulse. All these are a blessed legacy from a rich mind and a beautiful Christian life, which has now passed on unto the perfection of beauty, and even unto the feet of the King of beauty and the great Teacher of all pure and true souls. Yes, the gift of these past seventeen years of such a life to this school is an endowment worth more really to its true purpose than all else. It has founded and crowned our professorship of literature, and may the income from it never be lost, decreased, or perverted.



IN MEMORIAM.

A. E. C.

IT IS one of the deepest satisfactions of life to share, or to have shared, in the work of those who have toiled faithfully for others. And where this community of interests has been in the field of mental and moral development, the fraternal feeling becomes especially close. The labor of those who have joined us in our most earnest purposes, or who take up our work where we laid it down, we partly claim as our own, and delight in it all the more if it is a better and more permanent service than we ourselves have been able to render.

To come into personal relations with others through some useful or noble occupation, to feel that we have won friendship out of some mutual high endeavor, is happiness indeed. This is one of the frequent compensations of a teacher's lot in a school where home-life and instruction are blended. Such a life, if undertaken with any sort of earnestness, is always one of self-sacrifice, and, but for the strong personal attachments awakened

by common interests, might sometimes become wearisome in the extreme.

It is with feelings of gratitude for Miss Carter's work and influence at Wheaton Seminary, and also for having been permitted to know her as a friend, that her predecessor there in the same line of study and teaching turns back the pages of time to the period of her coming to Norton, and of our first acquaintance with each other.

English literature was not included in the earlier course of study at the Seminary. It was felt to be important, however, and the trustees decided that there should be a short course of lectures on the subject, which, at their request, I gave as a part of the Wednesday afternoon exercises. Immediately after, the outline of studies was rearranged, much according to its present order, and the history of literature, especially of the English classics, was made a part of the regular course. I well remember the zest with which the girls who formed those first classes pursued their work, haunting the library early and late—for they found at once that literature could not be studied from a text-book—and learning from a loving acquaintance with the old standards to enjoy even that terror and dread of school-girls—writing composition. Teacher and pupils both found a constant stimulus to study in exploring together what we all know to be a well-nigh inexhaustible field. It was no uncommon thing to hear those girls regretting that they could not spend their whole time upon English

literature, to which only two terms out of the three that then made up the school year were allowed. To the general subject, studied with Schlegel's outline, only one term of the graduating year was given; but under the instructions of Miss Blair, who first took the class, these few weeks were made very valuable.

The department of Literature and English Composition seemed to fall naturally into Miss Carter's hands, and we know how she held the interest of her pupils, and brought out their best capacities, during the long period of her service as a teacher.

She came to Norton just as I was about leaving on account of broken health. We used to talk over plans of teaching our favorite study, which we both felt had been too much neglected in the education of girls. One could not come into contact with her without being impressed by her refined tastes, her thoroughness as a student, her sincerity, and her high standard in all things. She was never in the least obtrusive of her unusual scholarly attainments; and in our frequent conferences, at intervals during the following years, nothing was so evident as her desire to teach in such a way as to help develop thought and character in her pupils, with a native shyness, always holding herself in the background.

Modest to a fault with regard to her own accomplishments, few knew of her fine practical literary talents, of the excellent things she had written and occasionally

published. A hymn prepared for the graduating exercises of the school, or a tender devotional poem caught floating upon the tide of unacknowledged verse, would now and then bring her hidden gift to light. The first poetry of hers I ever saw was a verse or two which I had gathered into a little compilation begun at Norton,* without knowing the authorship, afterwards revealed through a friend. These verses are so characteristic of Miss Carter's spiritual attitude, they are so true a reminder of herself, that they cannot be out of place here.

Quiet in God — the ever-present seal
 Of faith unspoken ;
 Believing faces, infant lips, reveal
 Its nameless token :
 A gift bestowed upon the poor oppressed —
 To kings forbidden —
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings to rest,
 Securely hidden.
 To bear for them the cross, as if for thee,
 Strengthen me ever !
 Among thy hidden ones, O number me,
 Now and forever !

We recall with pleasure Miss Carter's gifts and accomplishments, her success as a writer and as a teacher; but it is for her Christian womanhood, its sympathy and its faithfulness, its gentleness and its strength, that her friends think of her most tenderly.

* *Breathings of a Better Life.*

Its pervasive grace and sweetness were felt in all her relations to others. It made her pleasant cottage like a bower of Paradise to those who came under the shelter of its roof, even for a brief stay. The perfect harmony between her and the sister teacher, with whose her daily life was interwoven, made the place a true home. One learned there that happy family and social relations could be established by women whose lives might otherwise have been very solitary, and that the secret of the home-happiness found under that roof lay in its hospitality, in its enlarging itself to shelter and help other lives.

The pupils who came to that little cottage in the garden felt themselves refreshed by influences they could not analyze, by the fragrance of the heavenly life breathing through a character rich and beautiful in its cultivation. And the guests whose privilege it was to sojourn there felt the charm yet more deeply, especially those to whom it was given to go there as a friend.

Miss Carter's nature was of that rare kind which instinctively makes and holds friends through the power of giving its best and of finding the best in others. It is like a special talent — this capacity for friendship; in her case it seemed to spring from her deep and close union with the one divine life, in which her thought enfolded all whom she knew.

The little cottage stands, set in its green and flowery enclosure; the Seminary remains under its embowering

trees ; but the teacher's beloved face is no longer seen there. The voice of the dear friend is forever hushed. But the memory of what she was, the inspiration of her life and character remain and are in the home and the school she loved as a living presence. Through lives like hers we know that there is no necessary separation between earth and heaven — that through the pure and consecrated beings we have known here we are linked with all that is true and permanent in the unseen.

LUCY LARCOM.







